

Distractions

by Xfairy

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** Title: Distractions
> Author: X_fairy (Diana_Lesky@gmx.net)
 Disclaimer: The X-files belong to CC and Mulder and Scully belong to each other, not to me! No infringement intended!
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 Summary: Scully is on a date with her boyfriend and Mulder feels he's in the way...
> Author's notes: Another boring lesson... School seems to be very inspiring for me - if nothing else...<p> *****
 Distractions
> by X_fairy

Friday night, and I was looking forward to yet another lonely weekend. I had come to hate weekends, whereas my partner seemed to be more than excited about her two days of free time. She came rushing out of the office, kissed my cheek on her way out, something she seemed to be doing a lot, now that it didn't matter anymore, now that she had... "Bye, Mulder, see you on Monday. I gotta go, Floyd's waiting." ...now that she had a *boyfriend*.
> I went back in to get my coat and found an audio tape on my desk. Attached to it was a post-it note saying, "Hope you understand :-) - Scully." Curiously, I kept looking over at the tape on the passenger seat on my way home. It seemed to be mocking me, saying, "I know something you don't!"
 Home at last, I popped it into the tape recorder, sat on the couch and listened closely.

Distractions

> Like butterflies are buzzing round my head
 When I'm alone
> I think of you
 And the life we'd lead if we could only be
through
> With these distractions...<p>

It felt like a punch in the stomach. I had always feared that Scully would one day find me to be a distraction to her private life, but to find my fears confirmed this way was no piece of cake. I had always hoped - had always *known* that there was more, that we were not just partners, and now this....

> I should have known... We passed more time together than a married couple, that couldn't be good for anybody... I should have left her alone a bit more, I should have seen that she needed time for herself - and for other people apart from me, as hard as it was to admit that. But that she didn't even want friendship anymore - I couldn't be that much of a distraction to her... I buried my face in my hands and started to cry. I cried for my love for Scully that seemed lost now, for the last five years of my life that I had spent hoping and longing - without success, for a friendship that had seemed unique to me but had lost it's magic now... And at that moment I decided what to do with my *new* life.
 Like in trance, I went to the bathroom to get a razor blade. What a luck I had never gotten an electric razor, I thought distractedly. I rewound the tape and set it to repeat the song over and over again, and then lay down on the couch. I hoped that Scully would find me, not the concierge or the poor woman I paid to clean my apartment once a week. Oh, well, guess I should write a letter to tell her that she was now through with her distractions... But I couldn't think of more than a short notice, my mind was blank. "Hope you can get on with your life, now that the distraction is gone. Love, Mulder."

> I lay down again and turned on the tape at full volume. I couldn't keep myself from crying. At every "...through with these distractions...", I cut a bit deeper. It did hurt, oh yes, but not half as much as my wounded heart. After a few minutes I couldn't focus on the blade anymore, and it started to slip more and more often, but it was enough, I was already bleeding heavily. With the last remnants of my mind, I heard the telephone ring, but even if I had still been able to pick it up, I wouldn't have done it. My blood dripped on the letter for Scully, signing it with the ultimate seal that would tell her why I had done this. Watching the paper soak up the red liquid, I slowly faded away.

> I awoke from a faint scream and was surprised to find out that there seemed to be a life after death, against my expectations. But a moment later the pain started, and I realized I was still very much alive - well, very much was exaggerated, but I *was* alive. The scream had come from Scully, who was frantically ripping my shirt apart to bandage my wrist, and at the same time screaming at me. I tried to pull my arm away, mumbling, "Go away, Scully, at least let me die in peace," but I was too weak. She pulled my head in her lap and suddenly started to cry. "Why did you do it, Mulder? Why? Don't you love me anymore?"
 I was terrified. She hadn't meant it this way around - she had thought of *us* leading a life without distractions... and I had almost ruined it... Her next words confirmed my suspicion, "...why on this very day when I realized it? Mulder, I split with Floyd because of you - now don't you dare to die on me!"

> Then she heard the music still playing, also she had turned down the volume, "... the life we'd lead if we could only be through with these distractions..." and understood what I had thought, "Oh my god, Mulder - you didn't think - you didn't believe - Mulder, you could

never be a distraction to me!" She smiled tenderly and caressed my face with her bloody fingers, "...because I love you." She leaned down to kiss me, and I returned the kiss, not letting any minor distractions like, maybe, a slit wrist keep me from doing so.<p>**

** The End!
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End
file.